

NEW
**GREEN
HORNET**
COMICS

FEBRUARY
NO. 11

10¢

GREEN HORNET

ON THE AIR
IN THE MOVIES



*Read the STORY
BEHIND the
COVER!*

WHO IS MR. Q?

IN THIS ISSUE — SPIRIT OF '76 — ZEBRA
BLONDE BOMBER — MIGHTY MIDGETS

NEW
**GREEN
HORNET
COMICS**

and

**FEBRUARY
NO. 11**

10¢

GREEN HORNET

ON THE AIR
IN THE MOVIES

Ernie Clyde Allen

**Read the STORY
BEHIND the
COVER!**

WHO IS MR. Q?

**IN THIS ISSUE — SPIRIT OF '76 — ZEBRA
BLONDE BOMBER — MIGHTY MIDGETS**

Meet Our HEROES..



BRITT REID, HARD
FIGHTING, SACKET
BUSTING PUBLISHER
OF THE "DAILY SENTINEL"



(13) TOM LEE

The GREEN HORNET

BRITT REID, PLAYBOY, IS MADE PUBLISHER OF THE POWERFUL NEWSPAPER "THE SENTINEL" BY HIS FATHER WHO HAS RETIRED IN THE HOPE THAT THIS NEW RESPONSIBILITY WILL HAVE A BENEFICIAL EFFECT ON BRITT...

AFTER HAVING LIVED A YOUTHFUL, NO-ACCOUNT EXISTENCE, BRITT TAKES HIS WORK AS A PUBLISHER SERIOUSLY AND DEVELOPS A KEEN INTEREST IN SACKETTS THAT EVADE THE LAW!!! POSSESSING THE CLEVERNESS OF A MASTER DETECTIVE, BRITT DEALS WITH THE PUBLIC ENEMIES AS THE GREEN HORNET!!!



KATO, TRUSTED ELDERO
SERVANT WHO ALONE
SHARES REID'S SECRET
WHEN HE BECOMES THE
GREEN HORNET!



LENORE CASE, OR CASEY,
REID'S SECRETARY. CASEY
CHASES A STORY HERSELF,
ONCE IN A WHILE...



MICHAEL AXFORD...
RODENTHREAD AND GENERAL
DO EVERYTHING FOR BRITT.
AXFORD'S AMBITION IS TO
CATCH THE GREEN HORNET!



ED LOWRY, REPORTER
FOR REID'S NEWSPAPER.
LOWRY TOO WOULD CON-
SIDER IT A FEATHER IN HIS
HAT TO CATCH THE GREEN
HORNET!

GREEN HORNET COMICS

VOLUME I, NUMBER 11

FEBRUARY, 1943

Published bi-monthly by FAMENT COMICS, INC., 485 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Editorial and executive offices, 47 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Periodicals, Alfred Harrow. Rated as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. All names and incidents in this periodical are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in U. S. A. COPYRIGHT, 1943, THE GREEN HORNET, INC.

THE GREEN HORNET

HOW WAS A CITY TERRORIZED BY SABOTEURS
SURPRISEDELY LOCKED IN JAIL? STICK WITH
THE GREEN HORNET AS HE PLUNGES TO THE
DEPTHS OF THIS MYSTERY!

HORNET!
THAT MAN ON
THE FERRIS
WHEEL!

HE
STARTED
THE
FIRE!

MUNITIONS
PLANT

I'LL
STOP
HIM!





THE NEXT DAY...THE GREEN HORNET IN HIS ROLE OF BRITT REID...PUBLISHER---

GET ME THE PRISON WHERE LUNDORF, THE SABOTEUR IS HELD!



HELLO, WARDEN! THERE'S A RUMOR THAT ONE OF YOUR PRISONERS SET THE TANK FACTORY FIRE!



OH, NO, MR. REID! LUNDORF IS SAFELY LOCKED IN! NOBODY CAN GET OUT OF THIS PRISON! IT'S MODERN...NEW...



WHY--THE ARCHITECT WHO DESIGNED IT IS HERE! HE CAN TELL YOU MY PRISON IS ESCAPE-PROOF!

THAT'S RIGHT!



THANKS, WARDEN! HMM... MIGHT BE SABOTEURS DISGUISED AS PRISONERS...BUT I DON'T THINK SO... OH, HELLO, AXFORD!



HEY, MISTER REID...GET A LOAD OF THIS!



A GUY WAS STOPPED TRYIN' TO SNEAK INTO A GUN FACTORY! HE GOT AWAY---BUT GET THIS...



THE DUMB COPS WHO SAW HIM, THOUGHT THEY RECOGNIZED HIM AS VON KAPEN, THE SABOTEUR!



BUT VON KAPEN IS IN PRISON! WHAT A LAUGH!



YEAH...VERY FUNNY...

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR!









THIS MAUSOLEUM...
IT SAYS *R.I.P. 1912!*
UNUSED FOR THIRTY
YEARS...BUT THE DOOR
KNOB IS *SHINY!*



A SKELETON
KEY FOR SKELE-
TONS' HOUSE!
IN WE GO!



WHERE ARE THE
GUESTS? *THIS IS
NO TOMB! THERE'S
A STAIRWAY...*



I'LL LEAVE A
STICKER FOR
KATO TO
FOLLOW ME!



THIS IS HOW THEY
GET TO AND FROM
THE PRISON
ALL RIGHT...



BUT HOW DO THEY
GET OUT OF THEIR
CELLS!



WELL, *DOLTS!*
SO YOU FELL
INTO A
POLICE
TRAP!

BUT YE
ESCAPED UND
KILLED DER
VUN DOT
WOULD HAVE
INFORMED!



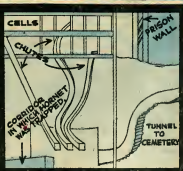
ALL RIGHT, CLUMSY ONES...
UP THE CHUTES TO YOUR
CELLS AND SEND BACK THE
DUMMIES! PUT IN YOUR
PLACE TO FOOL
THE GUARDS!

WAIT,
LEADER!
YUN ISS
A LITTLE
LATE!











THE NEWS LEAKS OUT!

THE OBSERVER
**THIRD SHIP
SINKS
MYSTERIOUSLY**

WHEE!
READ ALL
ABOUT IT!

AND IN WASHINGTON...
AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

MMM... ANOTHER ONE
SUNK! ALL CAME FROM
THE SAME SHIPYARDS!
COME IN, GENTLEMEN!

I'M SENDING ALL OF YOU TO
PHILADELPHIA! SOMETHING'S
GOING ON AT THE ELTRO
SHIPYARDS THAT WE DON'T
KNOW ABOUT... SOMETHING
ONE OF YOU WILL HAVE
TO FIND OUT!

PUZZLED... THE MEN
LEAVE THE CHIEF'S
OFFICE!

WHAT AN
ASSIGNMENT!
I'VE GOT TO
CATCH SOMEBODY
OR SOMETHING!
BUT WHAT?

DAYS LATER... OPERATOR 8, ALONG WITH
THE OTHER OPERATIVES, EMPLOYED AS WEL-
DERS IN THE ELTRO SHIPYARDS...

BEEEN HERE TWO
DAYS SO FAR...
AND NO CLUES!

WATCH IT BOYS!
HERE COMES THAT
LOUD-MOUTHED
KIT DICK!

ENTER MICHAEL Q. BROPHY!

LISTEN, YOU YARD-
ARM MONKEYS---
YOU SHOULD BE
GETTING READY
TO GET BACK TO
WORK INSTEAD
OF LOAFING OVER
THOSE SAND-
WICHES!

AW... WHY DON'T
YOU DRY UP--?
WE HAVE FIVE
MINUTES BEFORE
WHISTLE TIME!

LOOK, STEVE MONGER
...YOU'VE BEEN OPEN-
ING THAT YAP OF
YOURS TOO MUCH
LATELY!



THROUGH THE DRIFTS IN THE
SMOKE MIKE SEES A SUMMERY
QUESTION MARK... A MYSTER-
IOUS FIGURE BEHIND IT....



WHAT'S GOING
ON?... SMOKE...
THAT QUESTION
MARK... LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE
BENDING DOWN
TO PICK SOME-
THING UP.



WHATEVER IT WAS IT'S
GONE. NOW TO SEE WHAT
STUPID LUG CAUSED
THAT LADDER TO FALL!



SO IT WAS
EMPTY-
BRAINED
STEVE
MONOR!

I SAW YOU
KICK THAT
LADDER OVER
STEVE...

KEEP
OUT OF
THIS,
BLAKE!



BREAK IT UP BOYS...
THIS IS MY AFFAIR!
I'LL HAVE YOU CANNED
FOR THIS, STEVE!



BACK AT WORK...

WONDER WHAT
MAKES STEVE
SO MEAN!



A HAND DROPS SOMETHING
FROM UP ABOVE...

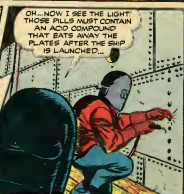
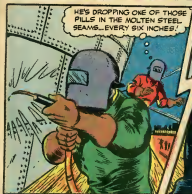
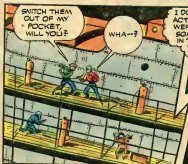
OH WELL...



?

WHO DROPPED
THESE IN FRONT
OF ME? PELLETS!
OOP...







EVEN AS STEVE SINKS INTO A COMA, A STRANGE, OVERPOWERING FIGURE APPEARS... HERALDED BY A FLASH OF SMOKE... MR. Q!!





But...
**WHO
IS
MR.
Q**



SHH! DON'T TELL ANYONE...YES, I'M MR. Q.--OPERATOR 17...THE CHIEF! SURPRISED?

I'VE HAD EXTENSIVE TRAINING IN ATHLETICS, CRIMINOLOGY, SCIENCE AND CHEMISTRY...SO WHEN I WAS ASSIGNED TO A DESK JOB, THE INACTIVITY BORED ME, AND I BECAME MR. Q....Q...THE SEVENTEENTH LETTER IN THE ALPHABET!

IT WAS I WHO DROPPED A Q-SMOKE PELLET IN FRONT OF MIKE...SAVED HIS LIFE! I PICKED UP THE PILLS STEVE DROPPED...PLACED THEM NEAR BLAKE! HE TOOK THE CLUE BY THE HORNS AND SOLVED THE MYSTERY!

Q-SMOKE PELLET

...MINIATURE SMOKE BOMB! USED AS A COVER FOR MR. Q.'S ACTIVITIES...

Q-GUN

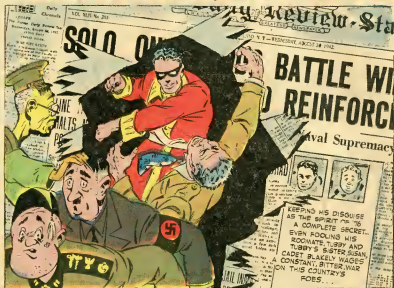


SHOTS HARMLESS DARTS...

WHAT WILL MR. Q. DO NEXT?

WHAT PART WILL MR. Q. PLAY THIS TIME?

SPiRiT OF 76















GREEN HORNET BUZZERS



REVERSALS

HERE ARE DEFINITIONS FOR FOUR-LETTER WORDS THAT MAY BE READ EITHER BACKWARD OR FORWARD, giving one word for the forward reading and another for the backward reading.

1. ANCHOR — LADDER;
2. A NOOSE — A POND;
3. FILLAGE — IMPLEMENT USED IN WORKING;
4. A FINGER — 36 HOURS.



KITCHEN DUTY

IF A BAKER
BAKES
SIX DOZEN DOZEN
DOUGHNUTS AND A
HALE DOZEN DOZEN
DOUGHNUTS, HOW
MANY WILL
HE HAVE?



A BUGLE CALL

1. BAPH
2. AIGRTU
3. NLDAMONI
4. COPICO
5. NIBCACODO
6. ACHNEOPYS

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

FALL IN!

EACH GROUP OF LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE REPRESENTS THE NAME OF A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. CAN YOU REARRANGE THE LETTERS TO SPELL THE SIX INSTRUMENTS?

1. AN ISLAND
2. SHOWER
3. A WINDEN COUTH
4. BECOME CALM
5. ANY OPEN SPACE
6. MIDDAY
7. ANYTHING DONE



THE ABOVE DEFINITIONS ARE FOR WORDS READING ACROSS IN THE BOXES IF YOU PRINT IN THE CORRECT WORDS. THE TWO ROWS OF LETTERS READING DOWNWARD, INDICATED BY THE ARROWS, WILL SPELL THE NAMES OF TWO COUNTRIES.



ONE FOR THE SAILORS AND MARINES.

JUNIOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
ACROSS
1. PERMIT,
5. CAPTURE,
6. COON IN LAIR



- DOWN
2. INVADÉ,
3. FROZEN WATER;
4. WARY.

O'NEAL

IS THIS WAAC'S NAME
REARRANGE ALL OF
THOSE LETTERS TO SPELL
HER FIRST NAME.

NOW DROP ONE
LETTER TO SPELL
HER FATHER'S NAME.

AGAIN OMIT
ONE LETTER
TO SPELL HER
BROTHER'S NAME.





OF ALL THE DARING
EPISODES OF THE
GREEN HORNET, WE
PRESENT THE MOST
BARRING... THE CASE
OF MR. HYPOCRITE...
MASTER DOUBLE-
CROSSER AND
WIZARD OF CRIME!



OUR STORY
OPENS IN...
FUN ISLAND
WHERE LAUGHTER AND MISER-
Y RULE...



THE

GREEN HORNET

A FERRIS WHEEL IS A STRANGE PLACE FOR A MEETING... BUT LOOK...

TIME WE STOPPED ROOMING AROUND... WE SHOULD LOOK TO THE FUTURE! I THINK WE SHOULD MAKE HALLS NETTING THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND SPLIT THREE WAYS!

WHAT ABOUT THE GANG, HYPOCRITE? THEY'LL WANT A SHARE!

THAT EVENING... MR. HYPOCRITE ISSUES ORDERS.

SURE...SURE...WHEN THE TIME COMES, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM...MY WAY... NA! NA! NA!

YOU ALL KNOW THE GETAWAY INSTRUCTIONS...REMEMBER, EVERYTHING MUST BE CARRIED OUT WITH CLOCK-LIKE PRECISION!

WELL...THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF MY CAMPAIGN FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND. THEN, I'LL RETIRE...

THE FIRST BLOW!

GRAB THE BAGS WID DE GOLD... WE'RE FALLIN' BEHIND SCHEDULE!

THIS IS THE LAST ONE...LET'S GO!

LISTEN... COPPERS! THEY MUSTA HEARD THE SHOOTING!

LET 'EM COME... HYPOCRITE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

THE CHASE LEADS TO A SMALL HILL, WHERE STANDS MR. HYPOCRITE...

THE WINNERS...MY MEN! NOW TO GIVE THE LOSERS THE BOOBY PRIZE!

GOOD BYE, MEN... LET'S GO!

BOOM!

THE SUDDEN FORCE OF THE WATER POUNDING FROM THE EXPLODING TANK UPSHOTS THE POLICE CARS!

HA! HA! HA! SHOWERS... BY COURTESY OF THE HYPOCRITES!

LATER...

WHAT'S NEXT, BOSS?

SOMETHING REAL GOOD... SOMETHING **ALMOST** IMPOSSIBLE... A DAYLIGHT GOLD ROBBERY AT THE DOCKS!... LISTEN...

THE FOLLOWING DAY, ANFORD, STAR REPORTER OF THE SENTINEL, GLUMLY WITNESSES THE UNLOADING OF A SMALL GOLD SHIPMENT...

WHAT A JOB! NOTHIN' TO DO BUT SIT AND WATCH 'EM... AS THOUGH ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN WITH ALL THOSE GUARDS...

THE GOLD! HEY! LOOK!

HOLY CROW! LOOKS LIKE THE PIRKS...

WHAT...?

BUT THE ROAR OF A SPEED BOAT ATTRACTS THEIR ATTENTION...

NOTIFY THE HARBOR POLICE! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH THE GOLD!

THAT'S THE HYPOCRITE'S GANG!

...SEEMS THEY SAWED OUT PART OF THE PIER... WHEN THE GOLD GOT HEAVY ENOUGH IT CRACKED THROUGH AND LANDED IN THEIR BOAT! WHAT A STORY, MR. REID!

HAVE MY CAR BROUGHT AROUND FRONT, MISS CASE, AND HOLD THE PRESSES... ANFORD'S TIP SOUNDS LIKE FRONT PAGE MATERIAL!

YES, MR. REID!

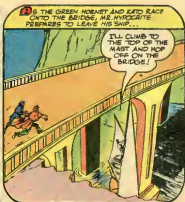
ONCE INSIDE HIS POWERFUL SPEEDSTER, BRITT REID QUICKLY ADOPTS HIS ROLE AS THE GREEN HORNET...

THEY'RE PROBABLY HEADING UP THE NORTH RIVER! HURRY UP TO THE GATE BRIDGE... I CAN DROP INTO THEIR BOAT FROM THERE!

THAT'S A DANGEROUS IDEA, MR. BRITT!

FASTER! WE'RE GAINING! WE'LL GET THEM UNDER THE GATE BRIDGE!

MILWAUKEE ON THE NORTH RIVER...





HE GOT AWAY! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NOT GOING TO REST UNTIL THAT MADMAN'S BEHIND BARS!



LATER, AT THE HYPOCRITE'S HIDEOUT, A MEMBER OF HIS GANG SPEAKS...

SAY, LOOK AT THE PILE OF GOLD WE GOT... HOW ABOUT SPLITTING IT UP WITH THE GANG?

SURE! TONIGHT'S OUR LAST HAUL... AFTER THAT WE SPLIT!



SAY, I THOUGHT ALL THAT WAS GONNA BE OURS... NO CUTS WITH THE GANG?

WITH TONIGHT'S HAUL WE'LL HAVE THREE HUNDRED GRAND... BUT THERE'LL ONLY BE THREE OF US TO SHARE IT... GET IT?



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE HYPOCRITE'S MEN PULL ANOTHER JOB...



HERE IT IS, BOSS!

NICE GONG! HOP INTO YOUR CAR AND FOLLOW US!

THERE THEY GO, KATO FOLLOW THEM!



BUT AS THE GANGSTERS RACE OFF, THE BLACK BEAUTY SHEERES OUT OF A SIDE ROAD...

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S THEM, MR. BRITT?

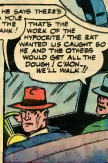


THE REAR CAR'S GOT A HOLE IN THE GAS TANK... WE'VE BEEN TRAILING THE GAS ON THE GROUND EVER SINCE WE LEFT THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY!



MEANWHILE IN THE CAR AHEAD...

THE MOTOR'S DEAD! HOP OUT AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!



HE SAYS THERE'S A HOLE IN THE TANK!

THAT'S THE WORK OF THE HYPOCRITE! THE RAT WANTED US CAUGHT SO HE AND THE OTHERS WOULD GET ALL THE DOUGH! C'MON... WE'LL WALK!!



OKAY, NUSS! YOUR CAREERS END HERE!!

THE GREEN HORNET!!

THIS IS SOMETHING
YOU BIRDS HAVE
HAD COMING FOR
A LONG TIME!



OW!

THIS'LL TAKE
SOME OF THE SOCK
OUT OF YOU,
HORNET!



HORNET...
POLICE
CAR
COMING!



GAS!
AAGH...

HE SURE DID A
GOOD JOB HERE!
THESE MUGS
ARE ALL OUT
COLD... BUT,
I WONDER IF
HE GOT OFF
WITH THE
LOOT?



THAT
WAS
THE
GREEN
HORNET
WHO
DROVE
OFF!

THE HYPOCRITE'S TRYING TO
GET AWAY WITH ALL THE
MONEY-- WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
SLIPS TOWN!



NEXT DAY... IN HYPOCRITE'S NEW HIDEOUT...

OH BOY...
THREE
HUNDRED
GRAND...
AND ALL
OUES?

ONE MORE THING... THERE'S
A FAST DUZENBERG IN THE
GARAGE ON THE
CORNER... GET IT...
WE'RE LEAVING TOWN
TONIGHT!



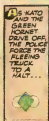
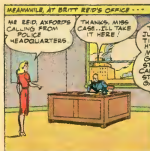
BUT AS THE TWO MENCH-
MEN LEAVE...

YEAH, DE HYPOCRITE
DOUBLE-CROSSED ME, COPPER!
LISTEN - TWO OF HIS MEN WILL
BE AT SIDNER'S GARAGE IN
FIVE MINUTES--MAYBE
HE'S WID THEM!



HA! HA! HA!... I SURE AM
THE WIZARD OF CELMS!
THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS, AND NO
SPLITS! HA! HA! HA!







The **STORY** behind the **COVER**

Lenore Case rushed excitedly into Britt Reid's office, clutching a folded sheet of paper. She leaned across the desk, unfolded the paper, and waved it in front of Britt's nose.

"Take a look at this!" she exclaimed.

Britt took a look at it. Then he took a second longer look at it. He whistled through his teeth. "Casey," he demanded, "where did you get this?"

Lenore grinned widely, evidently much pleased with herself. "Is that news, or is it news?" she asked. "I expect a nice, big, juicy bonus for this little job!"

"It's news, all right," agreed Britt, "but we can't print it. This has to go to the F.B.I." He studied the paper for another moment. "Whoever drew up this map of our transport routes certainly did a thorough job. It must have taken months!"

"Hitler would give his right arm for that piece of paper," Lenore observed, then added with a laugh, "But I was a little quicker on the grab!"

"Casey, you'll be decorated for this!" Britt picked up the phone.

A harsh, guttural voice said:

"I oughta decorate ya both—with bullet holes!"

They turned to see a man advancing upon them, a revolver gripped in his hand.

"You!" exclaimed Lenore.

"That's right, sister, me!" spat the man, venom in his voice. "Maybe ya think I didn't know ya was casing my joint for the past week? Maybe ya think when I found my room ransacked, I didn't know where to look? Well, sister, ya thought wrong!" He turned glaring eyes at Britt. "I'll trade ya a nice nap for that map, mister!" He slammed the butt of the revolver hard against Britt's head.

The phone dropped from Britt's hand, and he toppled over onto the floor.

Lenore gasped and turned to run, but the man grabbed her arm.

"No, ya don't, sister!" he said. "You're coming with me! I might need ya to stop some slugs if the cops get on my trail!"

He removed a rope from inside his coat. He tied her hand and foot, and flung her roughly over his shoulder. Then he stuffed the map into his pocket and went to the door. He looked quickly about, then bounded up the stairs to the roof.

But he had been seen! Kato, coming up the stairs, saw him as he ran across the corridor, himself unnoticed, because Lenore obstructed her abductor's view. Kato rushed up the stairs, but his first concern was with his employer, and he looked into the office. He saw Britt Reid lying motionless on the floor, and ran to him, then quickly emptied half a decanter of ice-water on Britt's face. It revived him.

Britt sat up with a start. "Where did he go?" he demanded.

"Upstairs, Mr. Britt, to the roof! And he had Miss Case with him!"

Britt jumped to his feet, and at the same instant slipped a green mask over his face—the mask of the GREEN HORNET!

"We'll take a short cut!" The Green Hornet ran to the open window, leapt up on the sill and a moment later was climbing up the side of the building, his powerful fingers digging into the spaces between the bricks. He reached up, grabbed the ledge and hoisted himself to the roof. The agile Filipino followed close behind him.

The spy saw the Green Hornet immediately. He threw Lenore down on the bark of a huge gargoyle, and ripped his gun from its holster. But before he could press the trigger, the Green Hornet was upon him, fists pounding away.

They fought each other like mad men up and down the roof. The spy battled with everything he had, and he had plenty, but not enough to cope with the strength and swiftness of the Green Hornet. He backed away from the masked fury, bleeding and cursing, using his feet as well as his fists, but to no avail. Suddenly, he stumbled over the low ledge of the roof. He screamed and grabbed the Green Hornet's coat in a steel-like grip. For a moment, they struggled desperately for balance on the roof's edge, then suddenly, both plunged downward!

Kato, who had started to run to their assistance when he saw what was happening, stopped dead in his tracks. He covered his face with his hands, and groaned.

The sickening thud of a body striking the street below reached his ears. For several minutes he stood motionless, his face buried in his hands, then slowly, lifelessly, he turned around and went to Lenore Case. He untied her.

"What happened, Kato?" she asked, her eyes wide. "The Green Hornet — did he fall?"

Kato couldn't speak. He just nodded dumbly.

She swallowed hard. They went down the stairs, numb, stunned at this sudden end to the fabulous Green Hornet, and entered Britt Reid's office. It was some minutes before Kato realized that Lenore was talking to — **BRITT REID!**

"Yes," Lenore was saying, a sob in her voice, "the Green Hornet did it again — but this time it cost him his life!"

"Are you quite sure?" asked Britt, an imperceptible smile playing at the corners of his lips.

Kato blinked his eyes unbelievably at his employer, then collapsed in a dead faint.

Britt reached for the decanter of ice water. Poor Kato, he thought. He'd have to explain, as soon as they were alone, that he wasn't a ghost, but that, as he and the spy had plummeted downward, he had miraculously managed to grab onto the railing of a fire-escape and pull himself to safety . . .



BERT LARSON
OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD

and

MURDER ON SCHEDULE

TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK



DEATH ACCOMPANIES DETECTIVE
BERT LARSON AS HE UNFOLDS THE
MYSTERY OF THE ELEVENTH-HOUR
CRIMES ... CAN HE OUTWIT THIS
TIME-KEEPER OF DEATH WHO
MURDERS ON SCHEDULE? - OR
WILL HE, TOO, MEET DISASTER?

THE
BOARD
MEMBERS
OF THE
HASKIN
STEEL
MILLS
JUMP TO
THEIR FEET
AT
DETECTIVE
BERT
LAWSON'S
ACTION!

HAVE YOU
GONE MAD?

NO, BUT YOU ARE
IF YOU DON'T PUT THAT
MURDERING SABOTEUR
UNDER HEAVY GUARD!

CHARLEY SMITH
A MURDERER?

SABOTEUR?

I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING
THIS CASE EVER SINCE YOU
REPORTED THE DEATH OF
JIM COBURN ... JUST AFTER
YOU CALLED, THE DOC
CAME IN AND SAID ---

-- THE AUTOPSY ON
COBURN PROVED IT
WASNT HIS HEART--
BUT POISON!

POISON?

YES! AND BY
INJECTION INTO
THE BLOOD
STREAM!

MURDER!

THERE WAS A
TINY PIN-POINT MARK
ON HIS NECK OVER THE
JUGULAR VEIN ... AND
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF
THIS "LOVE NOTE"
FOUND IN HIS
POCKET?

COBURN ...
THE ELEVENTH HOUR
IS NEARING...
YOU WILL DIE
AT 11:00
DURING THE NEXT
BOARD MEETING!

THAT'S SOME
LOVE NOTE!



HELLO... YEAH?
ANOTHER DEATH
NOTE? I'LL BE
RIGHT OVER!

THIS NOTE IS IDENTICAL
TO THE ONE FOUND ON
COBURN... DON'T WORRY,
MR. BLAKE! WE'LL HAVE THE
MEETING ROOM SURROUNDED!
NO KILLER WILL GET NEAR
THE PLACE!

THE NEXT
MEETING OF
THE BOARD...

THIS SEARCH IS
JUST A PRECAUTION,
GENTLEMEN! NO
OFFENSE INTENDED!

AS TIME TICKS ON TO THE ELEVENTH HOUR,
THE MEMBERS TENSELY EYE THE CLOCK!

TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK!

THE ROOM IS STILLED TO
DEADLY SILENCE WHEN SUDDENLY...

BLAKE!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

AGH...
AGH...

QUICK! GET
A DOCTOR!

NO NEED
FOR A DOCTOR!
-- THIS MAN
IS DEAD!

WHY
SHOULD THIS
HAPPEN TO
BLAKE?

I CALLED THE CORONER
IMMEDIATELY...

HMM! SAME
SYMPTOMS AS
THE COBURN
CASE--RED
MARK, LEFT
SIDE OF
NECK!

YEAH?
SAME
METHOD,
EH,
DOC?

GENTLEMEN...
THE MURDERER
IS IN THIS
ROOM!

THAT NIGHT I MADE
A DIAGRAM OF THE
SEATING ARRANGEMENT
AT EACH MURDER...

... I WENT THROUGH THE POLICE FILES AND CONTACTED THE
IMMIGRATION BUREAU ... MADE A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF THE POISON...

HMM-- SO CHARLES
SMITH IS REALLY
KARL SCHMIDT!--
WHO ENTERED THIS
COUNTRY ILLEGALLY--
HE'S MY MAN! -- NOW,
IF I CAN PROVE IT!
HE'S VERY
CLEVER!

THE PHONE RINGS--
IT'S ALLISON...

SAY!-- THIS IS
GETTING TO BE A
HABIT -- BUT DON'T
WORRY!-- THIS TIME
THERE'LL BE
NO MURDER!

... AT YOUR NEXT MEETING I WATCHED OVER YOU
LIKE A BIG BROTHER ...

OUR PLANT IS
NOW LOADED
TO CAPACITY!

AS THE CLOCK'S HAND NEARED THE HOUR OF
DOOM, I REACHED FOR A HEAVY BOOK AND --

IF I MISS THIS
SHOT -- THERE'LL
BE THREE
MURDERS!

... THAT, GENTLEMEN,
IS THE STORY UP TO
NOW -- THERE IS
YOUR KILLER!

YOU FOOL!
YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS!
YOU'LL ALL DIE!

SUDDENLY...

QUICK!
HE'S GETTING
LOOSE!

HA-HA! YOU'LL
ALL DIE!
HA-HA-HA!

TO FACTORY
→





SMITH STRUGGLES TO GET THE ROPE OFF AND ---



---BLINDLY STEPS TOO NEAR THE EDGE OF THE GIRDER!...



... THEN FALLS TO SUDDEN DEATH IN THE MACHINERY BELOW!



SCHMIDT'S PLAN TO DESTROY YOU AND THIS PLANT HAS BACKFIRE! ... HE WAS A GERMAN WHO HATED AMERICA!



HE HAD PLANNED TO KILL EACH OF THE TWELVE MEN... THE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD... AT SIX-MINUTE INTERVALS -- THEN BLOW UP THE PLANT!



...WHEN I MADE THE DIAGRAM OF THE ROOM, I NOTICED FROM THE MARKS ON THE DEAD MEN THAT THE DARTS CAME FROM THE SAME DIRECTION EACH TIME... FROM THE CHAIR OCCUPIED BY KARL SCHMIDT!



YOU SEE MR. SCHMIDT SMOKED A PIPE ... NOT AN ORDINARY PIPE, BUT ONE CONTAINING A SMALL TUBE WITH POISON DARTS MADE OF GELATINE, WHICH WOULD MELT ON CONTACT WITH THE BODY ... THUS LEAVING NO EVIDENCE ... THIS BLOWGUN PIPE APPEARED HARMLESS AND WAS OVERLOOKED WHEN YOU MEN WERE SEARCHED...



LARSON, YOU'VE DONE YOUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE... NOW THESE TANKS WILL KEEP ROLLING UNTIL VICTORY IS WON!

The

ZEBRA

by ARTURO
CAZENEUVE

GUN TRAGEDY STRIKES AS THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE MOVE SWIFTLY TO SEND A NOTORIOUS GANGSTER CHIEF TO THE CHAIR.

OUTSIDE THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE... THE ONE MAN WHO COULD SEND THE MURDEROUS GANG LEADER, BADGER, TO THE CHAIR IS SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD BEFORE THE EYES OF PATROLMAN TOM REGAN...

DON'T JUST STAND THERE... SHOOT, REGAN... SHOOT!

SOMEBODY SHOT THE STATE'S WITNESS!!

BANG

REGAN MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO LET THAT KILLER GET AWAY! I'LL SHOW THE...

BUT THE MURDERER ESCAPES IN A WAITING CAR...

REGAN, WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DID YOU LET HIM GET AWAY?

I DON'T KNOW... I FELT PARALYZED!

INSIDE THE COURTROOM THE CROWD IS UNAWARE OF WHAT HAPPENED...AMONG THE SPECTATORS ARE LAWYER JOHN DOYLE AND HIS SECRETARY...

THIS IS THE DA'S BIG MOMENT, MARY!

...AND TO PROVE BADGER GUILTY OF THE CRIMES MENTIONED, I'LL NOW PRODUCE MY STAR WITNESS, WHO...

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?

MUST BE SOMETHING BIG...THE DA LOOKS EXCITED!

YOUR HONOR, I'LL HAVE TO WITHDRAW MY CASE AGAINST BADGER...MY STAR WITNESS HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED!!

EXCUSE ME, MARY!

WHAT A SHAP, BADGER...THE GUY PLUGS THE WITNESS, AND THE COPPER JUST STANDS THERE!

HA, HA! MAYBE OFFICER REGAN SAW A GHOST AND GOT SCARED!

HAA... SO IT WAS REGAN!

LATER, IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

AND BY YOUR ACTION YOU LEAVE ME NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO REMOVE YOU FROM THE FORCE!

I TELL YOU, MY FINGER JUST COULDN'T TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER... I JUST COULDN'T!!

THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE TOM REGAN'S HOME

AAAH! HE JUST GOT IN! TIME THE ZEBRA STARTED AN INVESTIGATION OF HIS OWN!

WHILE INSIDE, THE EX-PATROLMAN HASTILY PACKS A BAG...

REGAN, HERO COP... NOW ALL I'VE GOT LEFT IS MEMORIES AND A QUICK TRIGGER THAT'S GOING TO COME IN HANDY ANOTHER WAY! SOON THEY'LL...

SUDDENLY...

THE ZEBRA!

REGAN! I THINK YOU'RE SHIELDING THAT KILLER FOR SOME REASON!

ANYTHING I DO IS MY BUSINESS, ZEBRA, AND YOU'LL STAY A LOT HEALTHIER IF YOU KEEP OUT OF IT!





Q. SAVAGE LUNGE, AND THE ZEBRA'S HAND TIGHTENS IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP ABOUT THE ROPE.

MADE IT! THE REST OF THE WAY DOWN'LL BE A CINCH!

GOSH...I SHOULD GO DOWN AND SEE IF THE ZEBRA'S ALIVE, BUT I CAN'T GET THE KID GET AWAY!

LET HIM THINK I'M DONE FOR... IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER FOR ME TO TRAIL HIM!

A SMOOT WHILE LATER, OUTSIDE THE HOME OF BADGER, NOTORIOUS GANGSTER CHIEF...

I'LL LET HIM GET INSIDE...IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SETTLE WITH THE WHOLE GANG AT ONCE...

INSIDE...BADGER IS CELEBRATING HIS FREEDOM...

HEY, FELLAS... LOOK! IT'S THE KID! NICE SHOOTIN', KID!

I GOTTA BLOW! ZEBRA'S ON MY TRAIL!

BADGER... LOOK, IT'S THAT COPPER!

HE'S TOO SNOOPY! SLIP OUT THERE AND GET HIM!

DON'T MOVE, COPPER...IT'S CURTAINS!

PUT HIM AGAINST THE WALL!

LOOK, BOSS... GIVE HIM A BREAK... HE DIDN'T PLUG ME WHEN HE HAD A CHANCE!

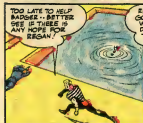
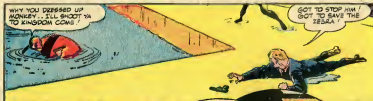
MOVE OUTTA THE WAY, KID...OKAY BOYS...READY... AIN...

OWWWW!

LOOK...! IT'S THE ZEBRA!!







MIGHTY MIDGETS

THE FUNNIEST
JEEPS IN
THE ARMY.



UP AN' AT 'EM MIDGETS -
TH' GENERAL WANTS TO
SEE YOU PRONTO!



KEEP
IN STEP,
SKINNY!



...WONDER WHAT
THE GENERAL WANTS
TO SEE US ABOUT?

YOU CAN BE SURE IT
AIN'T TO TELL US A
BED-TIME STORY!

MIDGETS - I'M GOING
TO COUNT ON YOU TO
DO PATROL DUTY ON
THE FRONTIER -



OKAY
GENERAL -
HOW FAR DO
YA WANT US
TO COUNT
UP TO
?



DO YOU HEAR
SOMETHING, FOXY,
OR AM I JUST
HEARING
THINGS?...

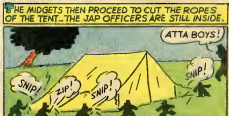


SOUNDS LIKE
MARCHING
FEET...!



I'LL
SAY
IT IS
!







AN AMERICAN BOMBER SIGHTS THE JAP JEEP...

AND RAINS A SHOWER OF BOMBS ON IT!



SOMETIMES I'M SORRY
OUR AMERICAN PILOTS
USE SUCH GOOD
BOMB-SIGHTS!

WOW! WAS
THAT CLOSE!

ME WISH WE HAD
STAYED IN TOKYO



HEY! CEASE
FIRING UP
THERE! —
WE'RE
NOT TH' ENEMY!

I'M FROM
BROOKLYN,
U.S.A.!

I'M FROM
THE BRONX!

"V" FOR VICTORY

WE'RE FROM
MISSOURI, BUT
YOU'VE SHOWN
US PLENTY!

SORRY
BOYS!



WHAT DO
YOU SEE
FATTY?

... LOOKS TO
ME LIKE A
TUNNEL!



— IT CAN'T BE
THE HOLLAND
TUNNEL...



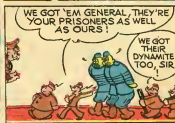
FATTY FOUND A TUNNEL! —
DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU GUYS? —

— IT CAN MEAN
ONLY ONE
THING —



TH' JAPS ARE DIGGING
RIGHT INTO OUR
CAMP!!







BELLY-LAUGHS



NEVER MIND THE
GONG - HIT HIM!



WAITER! THERE'S A
HAIR IN MY FOOD!

The GREEN HORNET

WINO

PAYING



**YOU BUY
WAR BONDS
I'LL FIGHT!**

THAT'S WHAT
I'M DOING
WITH MY
MONEY,
INSTEAD OF...

INSTEAD
OF WHAT,
TOMMY?







THE UNION BANK IS WAY OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!



BUT EVEN AS THE GREEN HORNET ROARS THROUGH THE CITY...THE BANDITS CLEAN OUT THE BANK!

COME ON...ALL THE DOUGH--- AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!!

QUIET... OR I'LL PLUG YA!



OKAY, EVERYBODY... DON'T GIVE NO ALARM FOR FIVE MINUTES, OR WE'LL---

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, ROCCO!



THE NEWSIE! HE RECOGNIZED ME... LET HIM HAVE IT!!

NOT HERE! BRING HIM ALONG WITH US!

IT'S TOMMY RYAN, AIN'T IT?



INTO THE CAR, LIMPY... YOU SEE TOO MUCH FOR A KID!

THE BULLS WILL NEVER FIND US WHERE WE'RE GOING!



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE POLICE ARRIVE...

LOOK FOR FINGERPRINTS, MULCAHY!

I KNOW THEY WORE MASKS... BUT WERE THEY TALL OR SHORT?

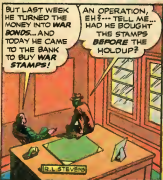
ANOTHER BANK JOB... WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY JOB?



CHIEF, THEY JUST LOCATED THE GETAWAY CAR--ABANDONED IN BENT HOOK BASIN!

THEN DOWN THERE WE GO, O'ROURKE! AND I'M THINKING THE MONEY IS PRACTICALLY BACK IN YOUR BANK, MISTER!

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, INSPECTOR!





BENT HOOK BASIN...THE "GAS-HOUSE" DISTRICT... A MAZE OF NARROW STREETS... TWISTED ALLEYS!... A PERFECT SETTING TO BAFFLE PURSUERS!





AND INTO WHAT HE HOPES
IS THE BANDITS' HIDEOUT
CARBENS THE GREEN
HORNET...



... AND HITS THE JACKPOT...
AND THE THIEVES!



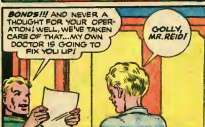
THANKS, KID! NOW I'LL
TIE THESE BIRDS UP
AND YOU CAN TURN
THEM OVER TO THE
COPS! OH, YES... ONE
THING MORE... HOW
DID YOU GET TO
STICK THOSE
STAMPS AROUND?



BEFORE I GO,
LISTEN...
THERE WILL
NO DOUBT BE
A REWARD...
AND IT'S ALL
FOR YOU...
UNDERSTAND?
THE GREEN
HORNET IS
STRICTLY AN
AMATEUR!



THE NEXT DAY THE LAME NEWSBOY IS
USHURED INTO PUBLISHER REID'S OFFICE...



NEW ISSUES JUST OUT!



THE collected in TOP 5 COMICS

EVERY
ISSUE
PACKED
WITH
THRILLING
STORIES
THAT YOU
LIKE TO
READ!



A COMPLETE LIBRARY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

- ★ YOU'LL READ EVERY STORY AGAIN AND AGAIN FOR THE EXCITEMENT AND THRILLS OF THESE TURBULENT DAYS... AND YOU'LL LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF AT THE COMICAL ANTICS OF YOUR STAR COMEDIANS IN THEIR OWN NEW FEATURES!

NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10¢

HELP AMERICA WIN *the* WAR!



FREE 100 Savings Stamps

WORTH 25¢ each

**FOR THE BEST ENDINGS
FOR THIS SENTENCE**

FAMILY COMICS, EDITOR
67 W. 44th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

★ I buy War Savings
stamps because . . .

★ The Best Hero in this
magazine is _____
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

JUST WRITE IT ON THE
BACK OF A POST CARD
AND MAIL TODAY!

IN CASE OF TIES DUPLICATE
PRIZES AWARDED - CONTEST

CLOSES FEBRUARY 28, 1947

ALL THIS
IN ONE
MARVELOUS
BOOK

17 COMPLETE
SECTIONS

How To Handle
A BOBO



You may easily do
these things with a
Corny Boy®

Playing Winning
PINK PINK



Illustrated lessons
to show you how
to succeed there and
everywhere

How To Tackle
YOUR BOB



How, they can
and instantly
transforming, talking
and more

How To Tackle
THE BOBBY BOBBY



Complete, proven
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

Building Your
PLACES



Full, complete
in building a
Corny Boy®. Full
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

Building
Places



Learning to spin
and instantly
transforming, talking
and more

FUN-SPORT-THRILLS-GAMES For You to Enjoy!



OVER
100
PAGE PRICE

The largest, most
complete, most
valuable book

Just
Published!

IT'S THE BIGGEST,
BEST-VALUE
BOOK FOR BOYS

Here, for the first time in one book, are all the useful
activities—sports—hobbies—games—magic—art—
jokes—puzzles—tricks—traps—money-making
hints—craftsmanship—Commando tactics—etc.,
which are part of every red-blooded, intelligent, en-
ergetic boy. Imagine—you can become a whiz at
ping-pong, a champ at wrestling, you'll teach your
dog tricks, you'll learn a "bambling" routine and
perform a "magic" show; you'll have a million
things to do!

A WHOLE COLLECTION OF FASCINATING FACTS, FUN & PROLICS!

No longer will it be a question of "what to do"—
but rather what to do first, and then, and then. You
can become the best player, a crack athlete and
strong-man; you can earn money, you can build use-
ful things. You can learn to "Spot" airplanes. You
can train to become a real, tough Junior Commando
or Ranger. There are innumerable suggestions for
things to do and fun to enjoy—for indoors and out-
doors—summer or winter—alone or with your crowd.

FREE

Tremendous Surprise
GAME KIT

With every order, we will in-
clude, without extra charge, a
complete assortment kit of new
and old games, which you can
play by day, by night, or
anytime. From the classic line
down to the most modern, it is
a great FORTUNE for your game.

Nothing like these 17 WON-
DERFUL BOOKS in one book
ever been assembled before.
Fully and super-packed with
directions, secrets, hints,
suggestions, tricks, surprises,
—hundreds of illustrations,
pictures, drawings, cartoons,
etc. There is no need to
the eyes, reading contents.

ACT NOW!

Order before such a miracle
kit book for boys. Order be-
fore such a remarkable value.
Hurry, many of only two
and available in this one
book. Send us your money
order, check or cash.
For your copy of FUN FOR
BOYS (in E-CO) plus the
prize package. Do it now!

KNICKBOCKER PUB. CO.
10 Liberty St., Dept. K-10, N.Y.C.

How To Handle
A BOBO



Full, complete
in building a
Corny Boy®. Full
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

How To Tackle
YOUR BOB



Complete, proven
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

How To Tackle
THE BOBBY BOBBY



Complete, proven
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

How To Handle
A BOBO



Complete, proven
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

How To Tackle
YOUR BOB



Complete, proven
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

How To Tackle
THE BOBBY BOBBY



Complete, proven
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

How To Handle
A BOBO



Complete, proven
and complete for
making your own
fun and more

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

KNICKBOCKER PUB. CO.
10 Liberty St., Dept. K-10, N.Y.C.

With every copy of FUN FOR
BOYS plus the Free GAME KIT
plus the complete, most
valuable book in
all of sports, is a real treat
and, I can think back and get my
money back at once.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
☐ Check here if you prefer cash to
check, and will pay \$1.00
on delivery!